

IT is through the kindness of Earl Attlee himself that I am able to reproduce below the coat-of-arms which has just been granted to him.

Its composition has several points of interest. The three lions on the chevron in the shield are taken from the arms of the ancient Surrey family of Lee of Abinger, Addington and Eppingham, whose name has variously figured as Legh, Leigh, A Lee, At Legh, Attlee and Attlee, from a branch of which Lord Attlee is probably descended. There is a missing link before 1732 in the genealogy; hence the necessity for a new coat, instead of the difference version of the original Lee coat in 1523.

The winged hearts symbolise Lord Attlee's devotion to his old school, Haileybury, which uses winged hearts as its device, with the motto "Suisum Corda." The lions rampant have been traditionally used as a device in



EARL ATTLEE'S ARMS

Lord Attlee's family. The motto "Labor omnia vincit" explains itself—and introduces, one might say, a note of demure humour—but if Lord Attlee was ever tempted to choose as his supporters a workman on the dexter side and a pink intellectual on the sinister he has resisted it. His

choice has fallen instead on Welsh terriers (he breeds them).

New peers tend more and more, I understand, to choose animals as their supporters. Is it possible that politicians have found that four legs are more reliable than two?

Present and Past

THE Queen's Review of the Grenadier Guards at Windsor on Saturday, June 23, will mark the end of the Grenadier tercentenary celebrations; it will be notable, too, for an episode rare, I imagine, in regimental history.

The 1st Battalion of the Grenadiers is at present stationed in Düsseldorf and would not normally have been available for the Review. Nothing daunted, however, twenty-one officers and 380 other ranks have volunteered to pay £3 a head for special trains to make the journey to Windsor and back. They will thus be present on parade—in battle-dress, however, since there are not enough tunics and bearskins for all three battalions of the Regiment.

It seems a gallant gesture.

Whitney Films

"I DIDN'T know how to place a bet so I came away with my money," Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney told me after the Derby. He had been the guest of the Jockey Club. "In America, my family has much the same sort of position in racing that Lord Derby has here."

Mr. Whitney can easily afford to wager substantial sums on very slow horses, but at the moment much of his money and most of his time are devoted to a spectacular new film company

that he has launched in Hollywood.

In the film world this devotee of the open-air life—there are pictures of bird-dogs on his braces—has acquired the Midas touch. With his cousin, Jock Whitney, he financed "Gone With the Wind" which has earned more money than any film in history. He then backed

the original production of "Cinema 8," which has earned more money than any film except G.W.T.W.

Teopence Coloured

Now his technicians have developed—with the Technicolor Corporation—a new device that may revolutionise the motion-picture industry. If

the machine works—and it seems to—any black and white film of ancient vintage may be run through it and appear, not only in colour, but also in CinemaScope, VistaVision, Todd-AO or any of the other big-screen systems that have recently been developed.

After he has thus converted six old films of his choice—

By ATTICUS

"The Birth of a Nation" and "The Informer" and his list—Mr. Whitney intends to release the rights of this new device to the rest of the motion-picture industry.

All Modern Comforts

ONE of the entrants in next month's International Sail Training—ship Race from Torbay to Lisbon will be Mr. Nearchos's schooner Creole. He has lent it for the occasion to a crew of thirty British naval cadets and their officers.

A friend of mine who recently went down to the Creole has explained to me the touches which distinguish a multi-millionaire's yacht from a mere millionaire's.

The record-player, for instance, can handle twenty-four LP records at a bite: enough for forty-eight hours' continuous and unattended playing. The machine is mounted in gimballs which ensure smooth playing in even the most tumultuous seas.

He admired, too, the telegraph machine that can despatch at the rate of 500 words a minute, the special vegetable refrigerator which served him his pear at exactly 35 degrees Fahrenheit, and the library in which "The Ingoldsby Legends" nestled next to "Hurrah for St. Trinian's."

Gussets and Gores

ANYONE who can tell Poirot from Poirot has known for some time that Mrs. Janey Ironside is one of the best single-handed *courtisanes* in London. Her appointment, therefore, as Professor of Fashion Design at the Royal College of Art, in succession to Mrs. Madge Garland, bears the mark of imagination in high places.

Her job at the College is (my description, not hers) to make mere women look less hideous. She means to tackle it on the quasi-industrial level for which the R.C.A. is now famous. "When I was a student," she told me, "we were just taught to make ball-dresses in the blue, but things are different now."

Melbourne Menace

WHEN I wonder, will the nine-second 100 yards go the way of the four-minute mile?

"Pretty soon" is Mel Patton's prediction. His own 1949 world-record time of 9.3 seconds has not been bettered; but in Dave Sime, the twenty-year-old undergraduate of Duke University, Patton sees his most likely successor. Sime is 6 feet 2½ inches high, weighs 13 stone 3 pounds, takes a size eleven in shoes, aims to be a doctor one day and has never

gone outside 9.6 seconds in an outdoor 100-yard race.

Other sprinters may like to know that relaxation is one secret of Sime's success. He "lets the others worry" and, once under way, "lets back like he was in a rocking chair and runs relaxed, relaxed, relaxed."

But sitting back isn't everything: Sime exercised for a year with weights on his feet, takes copious long-hand notes while training, and generally tries to force the margin of error right out of the track. "You blink once," he says, "and six guys go by you."

I wonder who'll blink at Melbourne.

Actor in Retirement

FOR this year's Glyndebourne season, which opens this Thursday, every seat was sold (and nearly all of them cost



EBERT ON-STAGE

three guineas apiece) four months before the first night.

It is thanks to Professor Carl Ebert, the Artistic Director, that, as from 1924, the old illogical nonsense has been cut clean out of Mozart production, and an evening at Glyndebourne is known as a pleasure for the eye, as much as for the ear.

As an actor, Ebert is little known in England, though his manner of greeting the audience at the end of each evening is, in its way, a triumph of unemphatic art. But what Glyndebourne has gained, the London stage has lost; for Ebert is not only a master-producer but an actor of the calibre of Godfrey Tearle or Frederick Valk. He himself rarely speaks of this; but the photographs are there to prove it, and here is one, dated 1930, in which the notable white-haired giant appears with Hermine Körner in St. John Ervine's "The First Mrs. Fraser."

Eheu . . .

ANOTHER fragrant whiff from the Dukeries.

A guest asked the butler how His Grace was today.

"His Grace is in excellent spirits, Sir," replied the butler. "He helped me button on his braces this mornin'."